Happy your Native Soi On none lier Trenfures mon Westing Section alithad I to see the other by brite But figured in some does o The Medical States of the selection While to feet the conditions the own.
Of other Kingdoms he delitors his own. What the Cale Bir with Onne fleiv And pro Emphrian Figures from alive? Tely differ Vith yesting Chess incres 18 bot on Such Prodigies of the and tothe Lans Victoria Courses his reneward To reastning Humanland along The Aris to Just the Hill Care guise Howe'er the feolish Neith Palleng ve D box Beyond a Guels, in Matter to abstract a rivol stulistic railbur 10 Howe'er a Tyrant may by force hiblish But when, descending from Empired Height Showork 107) You stoop of sublunary Things to treat, the last of the sold of control of the Mineros seems your Moral to dispense; I talked in the sold of the sold How great the Subject, how fubling the Senfel reduce build but Not the Memian Bard with fuch a Flame on it is again on A. E'er lung of ruling Arts. (your lofty Theme) Jeroe's Son) Tret 5 dive to the 10 MOTO THE We fee the great Original outdone and Marie sold vol district Island There is in Virtue first a hidden Charm man ord T To force Esteem, and Envy to difarm; I to lor to lio T. studies Torolly Woll

Else in a flatt'ring Court you ne'er had been design'd T'instruct the future Troublers of Mankind.

Happy your Native Soil (at least by Nature so)
On none her Treasures more profusely flow.
The Hills adorn'd with Vines, with Flow'rs the Plain,
Without the Sun's too near Approach, serene.
But Heav'n in vain does on your Vineyards smile,
The Monarch's Glory mocks the Lab'rer's Toil;
Whilst to see ap Detenders to the Throne
Of other Kingdoms, he destroys his own.
Neglected Ceres with Reluctance yields
Her Tribute to uncultivated Fields.

What tho' Elab'rate Brass with Nature strive,
And proud Equestrian Figures seem alive?
With various Terrors on their Basis wrought,
With yielding Cittadels surprized or bought?
Such Prodigies of Art and costly Pains
Serve but to gild th' unthinking Rabbles Chains.

O despicable State of all that groan der a blind Dependency on One;

ov far inserior to the Herds that range

With Native Freedom o'er the Woods and Plains:

With them no Fallacies of Schools prevan,

Nor of a Right Divine the Nauseous Tale

Can give to One among themselves a Pow'r,

Without Control his Fellows to devour.

To reas'ning Humankind alone belong

The Arts to hurt themselves, by reas'ning wrong.

Howe'er the foolish Notion first began,
Of trusting abs'lute Pow'r to lawless Man;
Howe'er a Tyrant may by Force subsist,
(For who would be a Slave that can resist?)
Those sit the safest, easiest on the Throne,
That make their Peoples Interest their own;
And chusing rather to be Lov'd than Fear'd,
Are Kings of Men, not of a Servile Herd.

Oh Liberty! wish'd for too late, when lost, Like Health, by those that want thee, valu'd most. In Regions, where no Property is known, Thro' which the Garonne runs, and rapid Rhône, Where Peasants Toil for Harvests not their own, [3]

How gladly would they quit their fruitful Soil,
How gladly change for thee their Wine and Oil!
As Wretches chain'd and lab'ring at the Oar,
In Sight of Italy's delightful Shore,
Reflect on their unhappy Fate the more.

Thy Laws have still their Force above the rest of Gothe Kingdoms; happy Albion, blest:
Long since their ancient Freedom they have lost, And arvilely of their Subjection boast.
Thy better Fate the vain Attempt resists Of faithless Monarchs, and designing Priests; Unshaken yet thy Government subsists.
While Streams of Blood the Continent o'erslow, Red'ning the Maese, the Danube, and the Po, Thy Thames, auspicious Isle, her Thunder sends To crush thy Foes, and to relieve thy Friends.

Say Muse (since no Surprize, or foreign Strok:
Can hurt her guarded by her Walls of Oak,
Since wholesome Laws her Liberty transfer
To future Ages) what can Albion fear?
Can she the dear-bought Treasure throw away?
Have Universities so great a Sway?
The Muse is silent, cautious to reflect
On Manssons where the Muses keep their Seat.
Barren of Thought, and niggardly of Rhime,
My creeping Numbers she forbids to climb;
Vent'ring too far, my weary Genius fails,
And o'er my drooping Senses Sleep prevails.

An Antique Pile near Thames's Silver Stream Was the fantastick Object of my Dream; In ancient Time a Consecrated Fane, But since apply'd to Uses more profane: Fill'd with a popular debating Throng, Oft in the Right, and oftner in the Wrong: Of Good and Bad the variable Test, Where the Religion that is voted best Is still inclin'd to persecute the rest.

On the high Fabrick stood a Monster fell, Of hideous Hue, second to none in Hell, No Fury to be more abhorr'd and sear'd, Her Teeth and Jaws with Clods of Gore besmear'd;

[4]

Her party-colour'd Robe obscenely dain'd prom bluow yilling woll With pious Murders, Freemen mekt and chain degree thele woll With the implacable and brutal Ragenindal bus bruinds solders W &A Of fierce Dragoons, sparing nor Sexuladra Against a litaly's deligation of trails of trai With all the horrid Instruments of Deathy vagadau rieds to solle A Torturing the Innocent, to improve their Faith Piercing the Roof with her infectious Breath Hift aveil awn wit Thus She began; Are then my Labours vain, and with the That to the Pow'r of France have added Spain Sizes and some Vain my Attempts to make that Empire great? And shall a Woman my Deligns defeat? his wife and and remove the Baffle th' infernal Project I've begun, Neb Land enbanc M abilities 10 And break the Measures of my favirite Son hoved you my next and How diff'ring from the Heroes of Her Race old to strang still Who made their Humour of their Laws take place in our guin best And, flighting Coronation Oaths, diffain'd antique comment vill Their high Prerogative thould be restrain'd, but the Port will him of Tho' Her own Isle is bless'd with Liberty, Has She a Right to fet all Europe free singuis on sonii) shu wis Under this Roof, with Management I may I bebruig you sould no The Progress of Her Arms at least delay I roll away smollonw born From a contagious Vapour I will blown no the (2004 out of Within these Walls, Breaches shall wider grow, nod-neb official as Here let imaginary Fear's prevail, which is stong of with evid over And give a Colour to affected Zeal; From trivial Bills let warm Debates arise and control of the Foment Sedition, and retard Supplies regain bein Arbeiter To nome If once my treach'rous Arts and watchful Care fadmin Triggery Break the Confed'racy, and end the War, www you and out which Ador'd in Hell I may in Triumph fits solides guigeon year roo bar And Europe to one Potentate submit.

Waking at so detestable a Sound,
I cry'd, Insernal Hag, be ever dumb:
Here ANNA reigns; a Queen by Heav'n bestow'd lead sound as To right the Injur'd, and subdue the Proud.

As Rome of old gave Liberty to Greece,
ANNA th' invaded sinking Empire stees.
Th' Allies Her Faith, Her Pow'r the French proclaim,
Her Piety th' Oppress'd, the World Her Fame.

At ANNA's Name, dejected, pale and scar'd,
The execrable Fantom disappear'd.

FINIS

let Tooks and Jaws with Glods of Gogo befinent